

Fatal Fantasies

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Fatal Fantasies

by [BlindCupid](#)

Summary

The Auror Department nicknamed the potion *Fatal Fantasies*. The potion gave the drinkers lucid dreams of whatever fantasy they desired.

People were dying in vast numbers from the potion. Not because overdosing poisoned them physically, but because when people woke from these dreams, they would simply take it again and again, perpetually living their fantasy until they simply starved— neglecting the reality of their bodies until death.

“What do you think you will see?” The Dark Lord asked. “The potion shows the drinker’s heart’s desire, but I’ve found that not everyone is as in tune with their own heart’s desire as they might think they are.”

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sirius followed Avery into the dimly lit club. It was old-fashioned like something out of the 1920's or 30's but still more modern than most purebloods are comfortable with.

The Aurors had been trying to get into this place for months. Pureblood socialites frequented the establishment, run and owned by Lucius Malfoy. On the outside it was simply that, a club with select food and extensive drink options. The underbelly of it, however, a Death Eater hangout and an emerging illicit potions market that acted much like a muggle drug ring.

One potion in particular had become extremely popular and was addicting like no other potion out there. The strangest thing was that the potion hadn't any addictive properties from what their department examiners were able to find. The potion gave the drinkers lucid dreams of whatever fantasy they desired.

People were dying in vast numbers from the potion. Not because overdosing poisoned them physically, but because when people woke from these dreams, they would simply take it again and again, perpetually living their fantasy until they simply starved— neglecting the reality of their bodies until death.

The Auror Department nicknamed the potion *Fatal Fantasies*.

Withdrawal from the potion was psychology excruciating. Depending on how long they'd been taking the potion, the addict may not even recognize reality anymore.

For the Death Eaters, the potion was an initiation rite. Death Eater initiates would have to take a diluted dosage and the Dark Lord would be able to watch their fantasy play out through the use of legilimency. It was an effective way to vet those whose true desires aligned with the Dark Lord's. Rumor says that the potion was initially created for this very purpose, but then was distributed lucratively to the general population as an antidepressant in these troubling times.

Sirius was tasked with infiltrating and helping bring down the distribution hub. Which was believed to be this club.

Avery lead him up stairs to a private room where the Dark Lord would supposedly be. The room was dark and it was difficult to pick out faces but Sirius was distinctly aware of being surrounded.

The room had a balcony overlooking the club and a piano started to play. A woman's voice sang:

*It costs me a lot
But there's one thing that I've got
It's my man, it's my man*

Her voice was rich and smooth and drew him to the balcony. The spotlight was on her and she was the only one lit well enough to see. Her hair was black and straight down her back, and her dress was slim and black much like her hair, but it was her red lips drew him in as she sang.

*Cold and wet, tired, you bet
All of this I'll soon forget
With my man*

Sirius had to blink when we recognized her, “Snape?” A hand touched his arm and he looked to see his brother standing next to him, gripping his arm and shaking his head. His brother’s eyes turned back to the corner of the room.

*He's not much on looks
He's no hero out of books
But I love him
Yes I love him*

Sirius felt like ice shot up his veins. In the corner of the room, he could not make out yet who it was, but the seat was positioned to look like a throne. Sirius thought, there was only one wizard would seat himself like a king among Death Eaters.

*Two or three girls has he
That he likes as well as me
But I love him*

Two witches sat on his lap and he took their hands and guided them to stand. The witches turned to the sides of the room and the wizard stepped up to the balcony without looking at Sirius.

*I don't know why I should
He isn't true
He beats me too
What can I do?*

Sirius cleared his throat to speak, but as soon as he did, he felt the tip of a wand in his rib. He turned and saw that it was Avery. Regulus leaned over and spoke quietly, “Not while she sings.”

*Oh, my man I love him so
He'll never know
All my life is just despair
But I don't care*

Sirius watched the Dark Lord watch Snape sing and tried to make out his features from his profile, but all Sirius could make out was the soft smile playing on his lips while she sang.

*When he takes me in his arms
The world is bright, all right*

*What's the difference if I say
I'll go away
When I know I'll come back on my knees some day?
For whatever my man is
I am his forever more*

When the song ended, the Dark Lord turned to Sirius and Sirius finally got a good look at him. He wasn’t at all what Sirius expected. Sirius couldn’t possibly say what he expected, but it wasn't this man.

“Sirius Black, welcome,” he spoke with genial composure, “What can I do for you?”

Sirius had practiced what he was going to say so many times that it sort of just came out. He wasn't even sure if he said it all. It was like his mouth went on autopilot. He wished he knew what he had said because the Dark Lord’s response was to turn to the dark room and wave someone over.

Narcissa Malfoy approached and Sirius wondered if she had been one of the witches who was sat on the Dark Lord's lap before.

"Fetch Severina."

Sirius was not offered a drink or a seat while they waited. The piano solo and the soft hum of people below were the only noise permitted as they waited for Snape. Sirius did his best to appear unperturbed, but inside his nerves were twisting with questions.

Mostly about Snape.

Finally, she entered and bowed low to the Dark Lord.

Snape was the same as ever. Age had not created in her a beauty, but she was no longer an awkward teenager. She had a grace and elegance that spoke of budding confidence and there was no small amount of attraction to be found in that.

"Severina, thank you for joining us," the Dark Lord said and offered his hand to raise her to standing.

She kept her eyes on the wizard before her and did not acknowledge Sirius until attention was drawn to him. Something, the Dark Lord didn't seem in a hurry to do.

"You sang beautifully," he told her, pulling her into him. She put out her hand to brace herself against his chest. He captured her hand in his as if he had planned for her to land just so.

"Thank you, my Lord."

For a moment, Sirius thought that he might have been forgotten.

Until Snape spoke again, "You asked for me, my Lord?"

"Yes, I did. I believe you know Sirius Black?"

She turned to him and Sirius tried not to grit his teeth. If Snape was to be his judge, he doubted he would walk out of here alive.

Her face was impassive, "I have had the displeasure, yes."

The Dark Lord chuckled and his eyes turned piercing.

"We will be needing one of your potions, my dear. Nothing too strong, I need his eyes open."

Snape did not look pleased, but obeyed. She stepped away from the Dark Lord who kept a hand on the small of her back as she conjured a vial between her fingers.

Regulus took it from her and when his brother looked at him, Sirius thought he saw pity in his eyes. Sirius cursed as he was restrained and forced to his knees. He was made to look at the Dark Lord as his mouth was pried open and his own brother prepared to place a drop of potion on his tongue.

"What do you think you will see?" The Dark Lord asked him. "The potion shows the drinker's heart's desire, but I've found that not everyone is as in tune with their own heart's desire as they might think they are." He said, turning to Snape and brushing his fingers through her hair.

She turned toward him and the Dark Lord leaned in and kissed her.

When Severina's eyes opened, the morning light stung. Her lips were dry and still tingling from her dream. She twisted to get out of bed and felt like she hadn't slept at all. Checking the time, she realized her dream had lasted all night.

She went to her desk and recorded it all in her journal. She would need to tweak the potion a bit. The dream wasn't from her perspective and seemed to end as soon as she neared her desire's revelations.

She went back to her nightstand and lifted the potion between her fingers. She would need to do more tests...

Chapter End Notes

The song Severina sings is Billie Holiday's "My Man."

Chapter 2

Bellatrix's near-hysterical giggle filled the room from where she sat on the Dark Lord's lap as she responded to whatever he was whispering into her ear and to their mutually roaming hands. Rudolphus Lestranger's eyes merely glanced at the pair, but his expression made no other motion that he was affected by the couple.

He looked across the room and saw a sea of insanity. When had the world gone so upside down? Rodolphus still believed in their cause. Of course he did. Only their methods seemed superfluous.

The Dark Lord was effective and ruthless, there was no doubt about that, but Rodolphus would have preferred a strictly battle driven war. All of the politics and espionage and worse the revels... Give him a battle any day.

Let Bella have it, with all her giggling madness. She shared the Dark Lord's preference for torture. Rodolphus thought it a waste of time and energy. Kill outright and be done with it.

He sighed his frustration and continued his scan of the room. His eyes landed on a dark figure he knew, but was not overly familiar with.

Severina Snape seemed to draw him in without trying to tempt him. It wasn't attraction that drew him, but her calm. Like the eye of the storm in the madness around them, it pushed him towards her.

Rodolphus approached, bowed his greeting and she returned it. He never was one for small talk or "breaking the ice" and he had never cared before, but he wished he could say something to her. He didn't, however, and instead decided to soak in the simple peace of her presence.

Severina Snape's expression was always impassive. She never put on a smile or facade of charm to manipulate anyone. Rodolphus felt a sweeping calm in her steadiness. She was uncomplicated, straightforward, and not prone to emotion swings or outbursts.

It was her sanity, he realized. It was like a balm to his mind.

Bellatrix giggled again in response to the Dark Lord. Rodolphus didn't even glance at the pair. He wondered what he could possibly say to Snape or at least how to keep them both in some perpetual ward of quiet sanity in the midst of madness.

So finally, he broke the silence, "I was under the impression that you may become the Dark Lord's new favorite."

She did not answer immediately, but glanced fleetingly at Bellatrix to see how the other witch kissed the Dark Lord's neck.

"Was it your hope I would be?" She asked.

Rodolphus blinked at her and answered, "I had not hoped one way or the other, but I can't say that I'm... or that I would prefer..." he stopped, unable to articulate what he was trying to convey.

He felt his face heat and knew the tips of his ears would turn pink. It wasn't that he wished for his wife at his side at that moment or Severina on the Dark Lord's lap. He just wanted...

Severina seemed to know without him saying.

"Rodolphus, I wouldn't wish to be anywhere but here right now."

His eyes went hard for a moment as he searched her face for dishonesty, but not finding it he cleared his throat and glanced down. The corners of his lips twitched into a small pleased smile. When he met her eyes again he said,

"You're the only one who calls me Rodolphus. Most everyone else calls me Lestrangle or..." he grit his teeth.

"Ah yes, I also suffer from the laziness of those who cannot bring themselves passed the first syllable of a name."

Rodolphus actually smiled. His teeth shone briefly to let out a gentle sigh that was most definitely an honest laugh.

"Rod suggests a thinness that I rather resent." his lips pinched to the right of his face in a smirk but it fell quickly.

He swallowed and awkwardly rolled his shoulders as though he were suddenly self-conscious about drawing attention to his figure which was not at all rod-thin, but broad through the chest and shoulders. His movement unintentionally pulled his robes tight and revealed the fluid roll of his muscles.

Rodolphus cleared his throat and he knew he must be blushing from the tops of his cheekbones to the tips of his ears.

"I hadn't meant... I think what I said could be interpreted in another more crude way and I hadn't meant... that," his eyes darted down automatically before he caught himself and looked up at the ceiling.

Rodolphus appreciated that Severina held back her laugh which teased the corners of her lips. He considered himself a fiercely traditional and serious wizard and to be married to a witch like Bella... Maybe he just wanted to know what it would be like to spend a night with a witch who didn't tear at his ego every chance she got.

Severina reached out and carefully brushed her fingers on the back of his hand. Her touch was cool against his heating skin. His eyes met hers and held them intently.

"I understand, Rodolphus." she said softly, encouraging.

He gave a slight nod as he made a decision he wouldn't retract and solidified it with a gesture between them alone. He stepped toward her until his chest was nearly against her own and he could feel the warmth of her. He bent his head to speak into her ear, a private continuation of their conversation. The scruff of his neatly trimmed beard grazed her smooth cheek,

"Severina, would you...?" his voice groaned with contained desire and frustration with words to describe what he was asking of her, "Would you want...?"

He felt her cheek press gently against his and her eyes fluttered shut on their own.

"Yes, " was her breathy consent.

His palm found her hip and he squeezed her flesh like he was steadying himself.

The Dark Lord's eyes burned with building fury. He ground his teeth and paid no mind to the witch squirming on his lap and kissing up his neck to nibble his earlobe.

"Bella, my dear, I don't wish to alarm you, but it seems your husband's eyes have wandered."

Bella scoffed and mumbled against the skin just below his jaw, "She must be desperate. I feel sorry for her, Rod is rubbish in bed."

The Dark Lord remained fixed on the pair, however, and when Lestrangle's lips twitched into an almost shy and gentle smile, the Dark Lord's blood boiled. He had not seen the the serious and bland man so much as raise an eyebrow with emotion greater than mild interest and that was only during battle plans.

"Well, aren't you curious as to who has turned your husband's head?"

Bella snorted, "Not really, " she said but nonetheless she lifted her head and turned to where she had last seen her seriously boring husband. Really, he only showed signs of life during a battle when his face turned fierce and focused. If only he would turn that passion to his husbandly duties.

When she saw the witch across from him, she blinked several times in disbelief. Severina Snape had said something to him and Rod smiled. He actually smiled. The most she ever got was an annoyed eye-roll. Bella shrugged off the jealousy that threatened. She didn't care who Rodolphus fucked.

"Perfect. Rod gave me enough grief about not being a virgin on our wedding night, let him slake his thirst for virgin blood with Snape." She turned her attention back to the Dark Lord, letting her hand run across his chest.

"What?" The Dark Lord hissed.

Bella sighed dramatically, "I know. Rod is not just traditional, he's medieval."

Severina reached out and touched Lestrangle's hand and the Dark Lord's nostrils flared with a quick inhale. His jaw flexed as he watched Lestrangle step closer and whisper into Severina's ear, but when Severina's eyes fluttered shut and she leaned into Lestrangle he could clearly see her mouth say— "yes."

The Dark Lord's anger vanished with the pain in his chest as if a great force crashed into him and shattered his breast bone. His breath fled his lungs in a sharp exhale as though he had really been struck.

Bella, who was also watching the couple, saw her husband's hand on Snape's hip and felt bitterness coat her tongue.

"Do you disapprove of the direction my husband's eyes have turned? Honestly, I'm surprised he's bothering with a half-blood at all."

"I suggest you save your husband from my disapproval and send Miss Snape to me." He commanded and pushed her off his lap.

Bella, thinking she might watch Snape under the Crucius curse, hopped up gleefully and practically skipped over to the couple. She draped herself around her husbands' stiffened neck, like a vine on an unwilling tree. She whispered at Severina and giggled.

Severina turned her eyes to him and he watched over steepled fingers as she started her path to him.

When she approached, she kneeled and he left her there for longer than necessary.

“Come here, Severina.”

She neared enough for him to reach out and pull her into his lap.

“Were you trying to make me jealous? Did you want me to notice you being noticed by another wizard? Is that what you wanted?”

What she wanted...

The question stirred something inside of her. Like she was trying to remember something. Or maybe like she was trying to wake up.

“I’ve been thinking and I wanted to ask,” his palm teasing her thigh, “would you like to be my new favorite?”

“No,” she answered immediately. No... This wasn't at all what she wanted.

“No?” His hand stopped and went to her chin and turned her face to his, “Then what do you want? Tell me Severina, your deepest darkest desires and I'll make them come true.”

“I don’t know,” she answered with confusion.

He moved his hand to her jaw and tilted her face towards his, “Well, then, we’ll find out together.”

His lips weren’t soft.

Her eyes opened to the coldness of night. The temperature must have dropped while she slept. Her body shivered and her teeth clattered.

She looked at the clock but couldn't remember what time she had slept. There was a thin stream of moonlight coming from a crack in her curtain. She saw the steam of her breath whirl around in the light.

She cast warming charms on herself and the room. She tried to stand but her head spun at her movement.

Finally, she was able to lift herself from the bed as made it to the toilet. She relieved herself and marked the color and odor of her urine— she was dehydrated.

She examined herself in the mirror. Her eyes looked bruised and her lips started to chap from dehydration.

Why was she declining so quickly?

She got herself some water and went to her journal and wrote all that she could remember of the dream. She also noted the time she had taken the potion and how much. She had slept sixteen hours...

Twenty-for hours since the first dose. An entire day... She checked the time and date again.

No.

Not twenty-four hours... Seventy-two.

She swallowed heavily. Three days.

She didn't even feel hunger at this point, but she knew she ought to eat.

She took a nutrition potion and tried to reintroduced food. She cleaned herself and paced around her home at Spinner's End. It was winter holidays and no would really be expecting her anywhere. At least, not in a way that she would be missed.

She hadn't any potion left and it was all she could think about.

Her dreams weren't what they were supposed to be. They weren't her heart's desire. Maybe she desired the Dark Lord's favor and notice but not in that way... She wanted success and acknowledgment for her achievements.

Didn't she?

Something was off with the potion.

She spent all day brewing an improved recipe. By night she could barely wait for the potion to cool before swallowing down a new dose.

Chapter 3

Sev should have arrived by now... Where was she? She couldn't miss her own reward ceremony! Not for her Order of Merlin First Class! Lily mingled and charmed everyone into patients. After running into Potter and his friends she was just about out of fuel. Ten years and Potter still couldn't take a hint. Sev was just not interested!

Where was she?

Lily spun in place looking across the sea of faces. Everyone was here, waiting for the guest of honor to arrive.

A side entrance door opened slightly and in came Severina. Who was immediately swarmed by people. Lily did her best to push past. Finally, she reached her,

Lily spoke from the side of her mouth, "Where have you been?"

"Sorry, Lils, " Sev said but didn't sound all that sorry, "I was brewing and lost track of time."

"Oh no worries," Lily said with a brilliant smile and a biting look in her eyes, "It's not like we are all here for you."

Severina pretended not to hear the passive aggression and scanned the room.

"Is everyone here?" She asked.

Lily looked around too, as she lead Severina to greet the more prestigious guests, "Yes, everyone. Every single invitation was accepted. That never happens."

Severina didn't have time to speak with everyone, but Lily did her best to move her along so that she met with as many as time allowed.

Lily felt like she had dragged Severina around through the evening. All the while, Severina would go in and out of focusing on the person in front of her and looking around.

When Severina gave her thank you speech, Lily teared up,

"I simply cannot accept this Order of Merlin without acknowledging the one person who made all my accomplishments available to the world. Lily Evans, thank you for all your support, your friendship and being the best agent a potioneer could ask for."

The crowd broke out into applause and now the real socializing began. Lily knew Severina was just about done with dealing with people as soon as James Potter presented Sev with flowers and a flirty smile.

Lily rescued her, leading her to a private room to cool down a little before she start sending hexes at every admirer that approached her tonight. Lily didn't understand her aversion to romance, but she supported her friend and client and that friend/client needed a breather and a few minutes of alone time.

"I'll give you 15 mins, " she told her.

"Thanks, Lily, " Sev said, pinching the bridge of her nose and tossing Potter's flowers in the nearest bin.

Lily chuckled and shut the door behind her before returning to the party.

Severina sighed and slowly paced around the dimly light room. She couldn't put her finger on it but there was something missing. The whole night felt... off. Something... or someone was missing. But what? She had everything she wanted! Fame, fortune, freedom to brew as she pleased, access to ingredients without bounds, and Lily, her best friend by her side every step of the way. She even had admirers...

“Why are you unhappy, Severina?” a man’s voice startled her from the dark corner of the room.

He stepped into the firelight. He was handsome and well dressed, with dark wavy hair and blue eyes, tall and lean. He walked with an easy confidence and blasé formality. She had never seen him before.

Something about him felt off. She didn't know who he was but he had known her name. She felt distinctly that he wasn't supposed to be here. She felt that he wasn't supposed to exist at all.

“You have everything you want,” he continued, “So then, Severina, why aren't you happy?”

“I am happy,” she answered, “At least I thought I was. Now, that I see you... I’m not so sure anymore. Why? Why should your presence make me unhappy?”

He neared with a thoughtful sigh. Severina’s pulse raced, but she did not retreat from him. Even as he reached out and placed a hand on her waist, she stood her ground. Her body grew hot and she felt for the first time all night that she was closer to what she really wanted.

Without her resistance, he let out a breath and continued to pull her in until she was wrapped in his arms.

He looked down at her, “Maybe it's not my presence that has made you unhappy, but my absence?” he suggested, leaning in.

Her chest felt like it was being pressed by his presence and her answer came in a rush of exhale, “yes.”

He wasted no time capturing the word from her lips.

Severina woke up in frustration. Not just because the dream had ended but also at what it had revealed.

Lily. Damn her. She was in Severina’s past. They had grown apart over the years. Lily was light and Severina was dark. They were like ying and yang and Severina had thought that meant they would always be friends circling each other. It wasn’t like that at all. Lily’s friendship simply held Severina’s darkness back, but not anymore.

She had read of Lily and Potter’s engagement before she undertaken this potion. Potter, really? Disgusting. It was as much of a betrayal to their friendship as Severina’s Dark Mark.

Severina downed the nutrition potion next to her bed and rose. After she finished writing her dream and recording data in her journal, she made her way to the bathroom. She steadied herself against the wall. The touch of reality between her hand felt surreal. The walls held memories of an unhappy little girl and a her dark secrets. How her father feared the darkness so evident in his daughter. How her mother resented her existence, believing her lot in life would have been happier if Severina had been stillborn.

They were both long gone now. Her mother had died of dragon pox in Severina's first year of her potions apprenticeship. Tobias blamed her for her mother's death, said she brought the damned disease to her from the wizarding world. Probably true. Severina hadn't gotten it herself but maybe she had carried it. Like she had carried her darkness with her and pushed Lily away.

Tobias had found himself a girlfriend and moved in with her before Severina finished her Mastery the following year after they buried Eileen. It hadn't taken him long to move on. She supposed she should be grateful to him for leaving her this shit-hole of a house. At least she had a quiet place to brew.

Severina made her way to the bathroom and ran a bath. The faucet spouted rust for a few minutes before running clear. She plugged it and used her wand to keep the water warm. She pulled off her clothes and hung them up. She groaned as she lowered into the water, grabbed her soap and trailed it over her body. She grimaced at how thin and frail her body felt.

Her fantasies... They were all about *him*.

Why?

She had served the Dark Lord for almost a year. She had progressed quickly through her potions apprenticeship and brewed him many things... only she sort of became addicted to his approval. She had to earn an audience and so she brewed. If he was please with her, he almost smiled and looked at her. Every time, he seemed to look a little longer.

Maybe he didn't. Maybe it was all in her head. Maybe it was all a fantasy.

Severina took up her hair potion and worked it into her scalp. She used to be almost afraid to look at him. She could barely look at him. He was so beautiful... in the way it hurt to look at him because she felt her contrast acutely. So she would look away. Each time she had an audience with him, however, she looked a little longer.

Severina dipped her head back into the water and moaned. Her body was sore from laying down for so long. The potion was indeed addicting, but it still needed a few more adjustments. She wanted to have more control in the dream, but she hadn't quite figured out how.

She lifted herself up enough to rest her head on the side of the bathtub and let her hands roam over her body. She closed her eyes and let her mind wonder. Her fantasies had left frustrated and wanting. He would never deign to touch her in reality. He would never want a dirty half-blood like her for anything more than the potions she brewed.

Only in her fantasies did he want her. She just needed to figure out how to have the dreams last passed his kiss and then she could have him. She could have him every night. In her dreams, he would be her's; he would belong to her in every fantasy she could dream up for them.

Severina moaned as she pinched her nipple and dipped her fingers inside of her. She imagined how he would want her. She imagine him slow and patient, driving her to the brink. She imagined him overcome with lust and wildly thrusting into her. He would growl her name and remind them both it was her who drove him to maddening desire, and it was him who claimed her passion. She would open her body to him and wouldn't deny him any part of herself. Just as Severina felt her orgasm pulse around her fingers, her Mark burned and she cried in pain and pleasure. She jerked her arm out of the water to look at the Dark Mark, black and prominent against her skin.

He was calling her.

Severina quickly dried and dressed herself. She stopped a moment at the mirror and grimaced at her reflection. She cast a simple cosmetic charm and hoped she didn't look like someone put makeup on a half-drowned rat.

Severina came to him at his townhouse in London. He had houses everywhere it seemed and never stayed long in any of them lest his enemies find him. Only his most trusted knew his location at any give time and even then sometimes he wouldn't tell them or tell them he was in one location while truly being in another.

She was admitted and lead to a back study. Rodolphus Lestrange stood guard and Severina dipped her head, her hair covering her blush. He gave her no more than a cursory glance and said in a dry harsh tone which spoke both simple fact and displeasure,

"You've kept him waiting."

Rodolphus opened the door and there he was on the other side. The Dark Lord was preoccupied with parchments and tomes spread out across the desk before him. Rodolphus announced her as she stepped inside.

"Severina Snape, my Lord," he said with a bow and then left without looking down at her again.

The Dark Lord didn't look up. He snatched a piece of parchment from his desk and held it out without tearing his eyes away from his task on the desk.

"Brew these," he commanded.

She stepped forward and carefully took the parchment from him without touching him— she wouldn't dare.

"As you wish, my Lord. It will be done."

She bowed, though she could not be sure he had seen or noticed. She turned to leave but before she reached door,

"Severina," he called her back.

She kept her head down and turned back to him.

"My Lord," she acknowledged.

From her focus on the floor, she saw his feet come round the desk and stand before her. He stood a moment without speaking. Then his feet moved again. This time he was circling her. He seemed to be examining her. When he came again to stand before her, he commanded her,

"Look at me."

Severina blinked once at the floor before she lifted her face to him. Her heart stuttered to be under his gaze. He examined her clinically. His eyes narrowing,

"You look like shit."

Severina's expression dropped, "I've been brewing, my Lord. I am creating a new potion for you. I hope you will be pleased with it."

“What is the potion?”

“It... it isn’t finished yet. But I believe it could be used for interrogations or sold as a recreational drug. If I leave it as it is... perhaps torture.”

She glanced briefly to his mouth and saw the smirk forming there. He leaned his face in until his breath touched her hair,

“What does it do?” he asked softly, his words shifting strands of her hair around her face.

Severina tilted her head up, watching his lips, “It...’ it lets me touch your lips, she thought.

No... it was always him who initiated the kiss and woke her. What if she kissed him? She watched his mouth pinch with annoyed impatience. His lips were within reach... what if she kissed him? Would she wake up?

“It... it isn’t finished yet,” she repeated.

His nostrils flared angrily, but then his expression shifted, “You have a week. If you do not produce your creation by then, or if it displeases me, you will not walk out of here alive. Are my expectations clear, Severina?”

“Yes, my Lord,” Severina stepped back and bowed low.

“You are dismissed,” he said as he returned to his work, “Don’t forget to get some sleep.”

“Yes, my Lord,” Severina smirked a little as she turned and left.

Chapter 4

Severina worked furiously to complete the potions for the Dark Lord. She brewed multiple at once, timing them just so.

It was how Mrs. Evans used to cook Christmas dinner. Everything would be done all at the right time and everything was perfectly hot when they sat down to dinner and she had done it all without magic. Severina had only joined the Evans Christmas once, but the memory had stuck with her.

Her eyes flicked to the batch of potion she had finished which had not been on the Dark Lord's list. The recipe was perfect. It worked perfectly. She had applied arithmancy and calculated the possible adjustments to ingredients, even the number of stirs and counter stirs, but she was sure her calculations indicated that the recipe was perfect. It worked exactly as it should.

Only... the dosage might be adjusted. Just a drop and the drinker could remain awake in a hallucinating state but the dream would end quickly. A full vial would be enough to reach the fulfillment of the dream, but the drinker would never wake. The potion could make the drinker neglect self in pursuit of their heart's desire until they die chasing temptation or it could fulfill the dream and they would die in their sleep... a fatal fantasy.

Perhaps there was a more benevolent purpose which could be found. Perhaps it could ease the terminally ill, those already dying, into death. That's the nature of magic. Magic, whether dark or light, could find purpose for good or evil. Perhaps her potion was a poison, or perhaps it was a release.

Severina ducked her head away from her thoughts and her eyes away from the potion. She turned to her list and one by one, bottled the requested potions in a perfect and timely manner, and placed them neatly in a charmed case so they would not break.

Severina tried to steady her shaking hands and breath evenly as she walked to an apparation point near her home. Her mind kept turning to the potion that could give her a taste of him...

She cleared her mind and focused on apparating to Malfoy Manor. Lucius would store the potions where the Dark Lord could call for them when he needed them. She might not see the Dark Lord for months. He could be anywhere in world, doing any number of things. But certainly wherever he was, he was not thinking of her. So with that Severina closed her eyes and apparated

Malfoy Manor looked as beautiful as ever. A grumpy house elf opened the door and did its best to stick its nose up at her as if she wasn't worth admitting into the premises. It muttered 'half-blood' under its breath as it allowed her through the door.

Once inside she made toward Lucius's study when a familiar *click, clank, click, clank* echoed around the corner. Severina rolled her eyes and wondered why Lucius felt the need to accessorize his pompousness. He blinked in surprise to see her once he had turned the corner and saw her there.

"Severina? You really ought to owl before dropping in or at least a flu call," Lucius said somewhere between a smirk of amusement and something more condescending.

Severina bit her cheeks, "I haven't got an owl and there seems to be a hold up at the ministry with connecting my flu to the network."

Lucius tisk his tongue and neared, "Now Sev, why didn't you tell me? I could certainly assist you."

Severina sighed with resentment, “I have a horrible intuition that *you*, Lucius, are the reason that I am having so much trouble with the Ministry bureaucrats.”

“Me? Now, Miss Snape, why in the world would I keep you from more easily visiting me? You know I always enjoy our conversations.”

“I think you like when I ask you for favors. I think you like having me constantly in your debt. I think you would like to own me, but I would rather you didn’t. So am I afraid, our conversations will be fewer and further between for the present.”

Lucius dropped his head to the side with dramatic sigh, “Fine. Be stubborn. But you know there is no shame in asking for help now and then.”

“Your help is too expensive.”

“Not at all... a few moments of your time every now and then. It isn’t as if you wouldn’t enjoy yourself as well as I. We can start slow and work our way up... or down... or sideways,” he chuckled and even his chuckle sounded pompous somehow. Did he have to practice that? Severina wondered.

“And how is Mrs. Malfoy these day?”

Lucius clenched his jaw and looked up to the ceiling briefly before smiling tightly down at her, “Cissy is well. She’s perfectly perfect in every way. As always.”

Severina smirked, “In other words, you’re bored. I doubt I’d be diverting for long. I am sure there are others who would happily entertain you.”

Something in his eyes shifted and his smile seemed a little less arrogant. As if he softened from head to toe, even his voice was... softer, he opened his mouth to speak when they heard footsteps behind him.

Abraxas Malfoy sneered when he spotted who his son was talking with. His nose wrinkled as if he had suddenly come across something foul. Severina paid him little mind as her eyes and attention focused acutely on the presence of the Dark Lord beside him. Just as his eyes met hers she dropped her gaze to his feet and bowed lowly, lower than Lucius allowed his proud back to bend.

“Rise,” the Dark Lord said with either pleasure or annoyance, she could not tell.

She did rise, but kept her head bowed and staring at the case of potions in her hands. She saw him step toward her from the edge of her vision. His hands joined hers on the case but his fingers stayed clear of hers.

“Is this for me, Miss Snape?” His voice asked above her head.

“Yes, my Lord, the potions you requested.”

She watched him open the case and examine the potions.

“Well done, Severina. Very good. But where is your new creation?”

Severina’s heart dropped. He said a week... she thought she still had time, “I am nearly finished. Just a few more tests...”

He snapped the case closed and handed it to Lucius, “Put these somewhere safe and easily

accessible. I may need the Veritaserum later today,” then to Severina, “I am disappointed in you Miss Snape. You have displeased me. You do recall the consequence I promised for displeasing me?”

Severina felt the blood rush from her face and she swallowed. She thought if she were to die she ought to see his face one last time, but she feared his eyes and what they might see if he looked into hers.

“I never wish to disappoint you or displease you, my Lord. I would not wish to present you with a potion half-done. You deserve nothing less than a perfect potion, my Lord. Especially, considering... it could be the last potion I ever brew,” she looked up enough only to see his mouth twitch as if to smirk and she wondered if his eyes were teasing.

No... he wouldn't tease. That would be too close to flirting and the Dark Lord would never... not with her.

Severina lowered her eyes again toward the floor but he was standing near enough now that all she could see was his chest.

“Then I suggest you get back to brewing. The next time I see you Severina, you better have completed this mysterious potion to my satisfaction.”

“Yes, my Lord,” she bowed and backed away. She didn't glance back when she turned to the door and her robes billowed behind her.

She returned to Spinners End and went immediately to the row of potions. She had lied to the Dark Lord. She lied and survived. The potion was finished. It was perfect. She could determine dosage with arithmancy. She didn't really need to test it anymore. She could present it to the Dark Lord in the morning...

Her hand trembled as she reached for a vial.

She didn't need to taste it again. She could simply give it to the Dark Lord and let him decide its use.

She gripped the vial as she laid herself on her bed.

She could stop now before she became addicted. She could stop and finally wake up from her fantasies and start living in reality. She could stop now, before she was tempted to swallow too much and never wake again.

She didn't need it... she told herself even as glass of the vial chilled her lips and the potion tasted her tongue.

Chapter 5

The Dark Lord Voldemort wasn't a good man by any stretch of the imagination. In fact, one might even say that Voldemort was evil beyond redemption. He was a man who never knew love within or without. The only emotion he knew was varying levels of boredom.

He was so fucking bored.

It was always like this. The boredom ate at the nothingness that existed inside him. Magic alone stirred anything within him. Magic itself was the only feeling he felt other than boredom.

Boredom wasn't a dull sensation by any means. It was an itch. It was a restlessness and a tremor. Like a countdown before an explosion, boredom was a precursor for action. His eyes flitted around the room as if looking for something to explode. The ancient artifacts sprinkled decoratively around Malfoy's study seemed good targets.

A knock on the door and his eyes locked on it. Maybe the door would explode if he looked at it long enough. Of course it would. He could do it. He could explode the door with his eyes. He used to as a child. Surely, to watch the splinters catch fire midair and to hear the screams of the person behind the door would ease the boredom.

The door didn't burst however, it merely opened— how boring.

"Did I give you permission to enter?" Lord Voldemort asked coolly.

Lucius Malfoy froze in place and swallowed uneasily. Voldemort paced around the room, while Lucius groveled. Voldemort laughed aloud. It really was hilarious. Even if he didn't feel humor, he knew it to be comical that he could make a man grovel in his own home for opening his own door.

Lord Voldemort turned his attention to Lucius. He hadn't been listening, but he assumed that the apology was elegantly and properly said. Malfoy's blond hair was loose today, falling over his broad shoulders. His hair and skin looked soft and perfect, framing his strong jaw and highlighting his ice blue-eyes. Even his body look hard with muscle. He was temptation. Objectively, anyway. He was beautiful and perfect— boring.

"Enough. You are forgiven," Voldemort said.

The boredom was starting to itch again.

Lucius stood alone in front of the door which he had intentionally left ajar, "Thank you, my Lord. May I present, Severina Snape to you, my Lord? She is a remarkable talent in potions and will be a valuable wand in battle."

The Dark Lord Voldemort raised his eyebrow at her name. A half-blood? Of course, Lucius had spoken of a potential potions mistress, but he had been annoyingly vague and he left her standing in the hall. Now Voldemort knew why...

A smile tugged at the corner of his lips. The Malfoy heir was not only presenting a half-blood as a potential Death Eater, but praising and vouching for her. Perhaps Lucius simply wanted under her robes. She was probably as aesthetically beautiful and perfect as Lucius— how boring.

"Well, then Lucius, present her. Let us hope for your sake she is worthy of your high praise."

Lucius's eye widened slightly and his whole body tensed as he bowed. Lucius opened the door wider and admitted the witch. As soon as Voldemort saw her he wanted to burst with laughter.

Interesting...

The young witch came before him and bowed lowly. Voldemort left her there for several moments of silence. He just watch her, taking in her bowed form. Lucius grew uneasy and felt that he should fill the silence with more glowing praises. Voldemort ignored him.

"Stand up," he commanded her.

She stood with all the uneasy grace she could muster. She kept her eyes to the floor and let her hair curtain around her face, but her large hooked nose still poked through as if splitting the veil. He caught a glimpse when she walked in, but only a glimpse.

Voldemort reached into the veil, following the path of her nose and found her chin. Her hair was coarse and lank, but there seemed to have been an attempt to put some sort of potion in it to make it seem healthier than it was. As he lifted her chin, it appeared that a similar attempt had gaze traveled down her body. She was thin and her robes hung from her frame rather than clinging to any curves. A hanger would wear her robes better.

Laughter threatened his throat again.

Oh, she was... interesting.

"Lucius, you are dismissed. I would like to speak to Miss Snape alone," he commanded while not taking his eyes off of her.

He watched Lucius bow and leave them, then close the door with a reluctant click.

"Miss Snape," he said and her name felt like a hiss that tickled his tongue and filled his mouth. "Remind me, your first name? If you would?" He asked as he left his fingers drop from her chin.

She did not meet his eyes and her voice came out more smooth than he had expected. "Severina," she answered and her voice was rich— her face was poor but her voice was rich.

"Severina," he said and his tongue liked that even better. "So then, you wish to be mine?" He asked with a smirk as her eyes finally turned more fully to him. He found her eyes interesting as well. They were black— not simply a dark brown but black with silver specks. They were beautiful. She was beautiful and she was ugly.

Interesting.

His restless boredom faded like smoke in the wind and she was the cool breeze that blew it away. He could almost thank her...

"My Lord?" she asked, her rich voice slid over him like silk.

He blinked and his breath caught heavily in throat. He tried to swallow the swelling tightness in his throat but drew his awareness of the tightening in his chest and the light fluttering in his gut.

"Severina," he tried again, "Why do you want to be mine?"

He watched the blush bloom across her cheeks.

"I— My ambition compels me. Always. It's a restlessness like a perpetual itch or... a hunger..."

she met his eyes, “I want a challenge. I need it... and I hope you can give me a challenge interesting enough to ease the restlessness.”

His breath quickened as she spoke, his nostrils flared, and hunger growled in his eyes. Yes, exactly — something to ease the restless itch... or maybe someone. He brought his fingers to her cheek. Her eyes widened as she watched his fingers brush across her cheek until his palm fully cupped the side of her face. His fingertips rested against her scalp and her hair filled the spaces between his knuckles.

“I understand completely, my dear,” the pad of his thumb caressed her temple. “That restlessness—it never ceases. It’s enough to drive you mad,” the tip of his tongue traced his bottom lip. “I cannot promise to cure it. I’ve never found a cure for mine, but I can teach you to direct it and it will ease a little. That restlessness you feel, use it. Give in. When you fight it or try to ignore it, it only festers. Your ambition is as much your power as anything your wand can produce. That, my dear Severina, is what I can teach you. I can teach you so many things... I can teach you secrets of magicks long forgotten. All you think you know, it is all distortions of original magic. What you feel...,” His hand pulled away and as he did, he brushed his knuckles across her jaw, “what you describe as ambition is really the core of your magic calling for purification.”

Whether consciously or unconsciously, she leaned toward him. Were he less mutually affected, perhaps he would have smiled or laughed at having pulled her in without force. Only he could not laugh while he wondered how he could capture her completely.

Her eyes fell to his chest, “Does everyone who comes to you feel this? This pull toward... purification? Are we all this restless?”

“Yes,” he answered her, “and no. Everyone feels it, but not everyone is as conscious of it.”

She nodded, then she looked around the room as if suddenly aware. Her eyes turned right to him and she looked at him boldly, acutely contrasting her demeanor only moments before. The Dark Lord involuntarily tilted his head and creased his brow as he waited for her to say or do something.

She looked at him as if she didn’t believe he was actually there. He felt her hands reach for him before he even processed they were on him. Her fingers spanned his chest and moved across his collar bone as if to wrap around his neck and her arms rested on his shoulders. Everywhere she touched sent an expanding heat through him, from his chest to his throat and his face, even his eyes seemed to burn as she pulled her body against his.

Her eyes examined him curiously and she asked in a whisper, “What would happen if I kiss were you?” but seemed not to be asking him but herself...

He might have wrapped his arms around her. He might have reached for her face and held her more tightly. He might have deepened their kiss but as soon as her lips met his, he bled away like a dream rudely awakened.

Severina blinked her room into existence. She ran a hand down her face and turned to her night stand for the vial... but it wasn’t there. In its place was glass of water which she had not put there. The sound of a tea pot boiling and the smell of porridge cooking wafted in through the open door of her bedroom, which she had not left open.

Severina rose from her bed and pinched herself. She had just woken up, hadn’t she? She looked for wand and panicked at the realization that it was gone. It wasn’t the only thing gone, her notes and her potion was gone too.

Not just anyone could have walked right through her wards... No he would never come here to this dump of a muggle village. No... surely she was dreaming again. She must have taken another dose and forgot...

Well if it was a dream, he was waiting for her in the kitchen with breakfast; and when she stepped into the kitchen he was there. He wore muggle clothes— a suit, but his jacket and tie hung on the back of a chair at the kitchen table. Her wand lay on the table next to a steaming cup of tea. He had unbuttoned the neck of his shirt and rolled up his sleeves as he read one of her journals suspended by magic in front of him and he poured the porridge into bowls. He glanced over his shoulder, sensing her presence,

“Ah, Severina, perfect timing. Did you drink your water?” He asked.

She only shook her head, still feeling a bit disoriented. He turned to the cabinet and pulled out another glass. He filled it with water and levitated the water along with the bowls to the table as he snatched journal from the air.

“Your notes are... intriguing,” he pulled out a chair for her and she sat, “but your protection spells are more cleverly applied to your potions notes than to your whole house,” he laid the book open on the table and the words on the page shifted and jumbled into gibberish. Relief washed her.

“Eat. Then tell me about this potion,” he commanded, closed the journal and pushed it toward her, “and make it good.”

She reached for the water and her hands shook, not from fear but from the effort to lift her arm. She still wasn't sure that she was actually dreaming. He only watched her and waited. The water cooled her tongue and she soon finished the entire glass. The porridge was plain but even as the hot grains burned her tongue, she thought it sweet. Spoonful after spoonful, she knew she was eating too fast and her stomach filled too quickly but she couldn't stop herself.

He sat still while he watched her and his face didn't shift even as his arm lashed out and he gripped her wrist. He yanked the spoon from her hand and slammed it down on the table with an angry crash. Despite the almost violent action, his face remained calm and his voice spoke so evenly that she wondered if she had imagined the violence,

“You shouldn't eat so fast. You'll make yourself sick,” he released her wrist, “Now, let your stomach settle and tell me about the potion.”

She nodded and her voice rasped and strained with effort, “I wanted to make something for you.” Her eyes dropped to the bowl in front of her and wished she could eat more despite being full, “I had thought to make a different kind of veritaserum because even with veritaserum, someone could be tell the truth but be lying to themselves. This potion reveals truth that even the drinker might not be aware of. The potion is done. It works. I've tested it and I realize now that I should never have tested it on myself. I have made such a foolish mistake.”

She didn't flinch when his hand came toward her and he pulled her chin to look at him, but her eyes were wide and frightened. “How does it work?” He asked and seemed to examine her critically.

“It makes you dream,” she answered. “It gives you your heart's desire,” and her eyes took in his face as greedily as her stomach craved food. She swallowed, “It lets you live your fantasies. In a diluted form, just a drop, could be used for interrogations by keeping the affected awake and watching the fantasy through the use of legilimency. In larger dose it could be sold recreationally. It could create large scale chaos and destruction, because you see... it's fatally addicting. The dreams end after you've only tasted what your heart really desires. Then you wake up before

reaching attainment and you drink another dose and another, always chasing your dreams until you forget what is real and what is fantasy. Then you die, starving yourself while feeding your dreams and driving yourself to madness. A lethal dose could give you the completion of the dream... but I haven't test that yet." Her eyes fell from his face, "Or maybe I have.. "

"Severina, how do your fantasies end?"

She glanced at his lips but shook her head, "It doesn't matter. They are only fantasies, after all."

His eyes searched her, perhaps waiting for her to continue but as she remained silent his face hardened in disappointment. He took her wand from the table and Severina watched it slip away. Her heart spiked and her stomach dropped. He lifted the vial and placed a drop in her glass, casting an *aguamenti* to fill it half-way. He pushed the glass towards her and waited expectantly.

Severina wondered if she could escape. She wondered how far she would get— probably not more than a few steps toward the door. Maybe that would be better... She tried to take a fortifying breath but it only shook her chest.

She lifted the glass and drank. The glass was taken from her hand and placed on the table. Her eyes tried to focus on the glass but it seemed to be fading out of existence as if it had only been a dream.

It had been a dream.

She felt his hands on her face, pulling her toward him. She tried to keep her eyes open but she struggled to focus. Until she found his eyes and fell into them.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Mummy,” a child’s voice called softly, “Mummy are you awake?”

Severina barely opened her eyes and the first thing she saw was his eyes in the face of a little girl who told her, “Daddy and I made waffles.”

The little girl smiled brightly. Severina reached out her hand and brushed the child’s cheek. She had her father’s eyes, her mother’s cheekbones, her hair was black but wavy, and her nose had a little hook at the tip.

“I put chocolate chips in mine. Daddy made yours plain but he made blueberry syrup for you. He said you’d like blueberry syrup. Oh! And Marvolo helped too.”

Severina’s eyes squinted... her son, yes of course... Merope, four years-old and Marvolo, just eight months. She wondered at their names and knew their father must have named them.

She sat up at Merope’s behest. Her daughter pulled at her hand to help her mother get out of bed for waffles.

“Good morning Love. I hope Mer didn’t wake you, she was only meant to see if you were awake not make it be,” came the deep voice from the doorway.

Severina’s heart stopped at his presence— her husband. He was holding their eight month-old son and looking affectionately at their daughter.

He had called her “Love” and when his eyes turned to her, she believed it.

“Marv, is doing more magic every day. Do you want to see?” he asked bouncing the boy happily in his arms.

“Of course,” she answered with a genuine smile.

He held out half of a blueberry and the babe smiled, revealing his incoming central incisors. Then he reached his hand out and the blueberry was gone from his father’s hand and into his own.

“Well that one’s an old hat. He’s been doing that since he was born.” Her husband said and pulled a wooden spoon from his back pocket and showed it to the babe, “Can you help Daddy stir?”

Then the spoon started to move. He let go and the spoon was turning in the air as if stirring an invisible mixture.

“I can do that!” The little girl pouted.

Her father smirked at her, “He must’ve learned it from you then,” and winked at her.

Merope perked up a bit at that. He pulled the spoon from the air and put it in his pocket. Then he leaned down to kiss his wife. Severina gasped suddenly and turned away. His brow pinch and she could almost feel how her rejection hurt him.

“Morning breath.” She explained, “I’ll get cleaned up and join you in a moment.”

His brow did not ease and he blinked at her, but nodded and left with the children.

Severina took a moment to take in her surroundings. Her things were nicer than she was used to but nothing like the extravagance of certain other wizarding families. They seemed to be upper middle-class. They might've had more but they decided to have children and their ambitions changed a bit. They were happier for it. He taught DADA at Hogwarts and she brewed from home.

She brushed her teeth and dressed for the day. When she went to join her family she had nearly forgotten the almost kiss. She kissed her children's cheeks and her husband reached for her. She went to him but when he leaned in to kiss her again, she felt overcome by dread and dodged his kiss by stealing a piece of his waffle.

He laughed, "Minx!" but his eyes were curious.

Throughout the day he tried to kiss her and every time she avoided his lips. When they went to the shops and he had to settle for her cheek as he took the kids while she had tea with Lily. When they met back up at the park where Merope and Lily's son played together, he tried to greet her with a kiss but again received her cheek. Then again while they sat picnic lunch where Marvolo practiced scooting around and bunching up their blanket.

He turned to her and asked with a teasing smile, "When do you think we can try for another?" and he leaned in to tease her lips with his smile.

She leaned in as if longing pulled her in but just as she felt his breath she pulled away.

"Severina, damn it, what is it?" He asked hurt, annoyed and quickly becoming angry.

Severina shook her head and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his temple, "We can have as many as you want."

"I don't see how, when my wife won't even deign to kiss me," he grumbled stiffly into her shoulder.

"Daddy! May I ride Harry's broom?" Merope called out.

He moved away from his wife and called back, "Absolutely not!" Then under his breath, "These Potters are a bad influence."

The subject was dropped but there was a palpable distance which ate at Severina's heart until evening came. Severina read the children bedtime stories and they tucked their children in bed.

He was distant and angry. She felt that he had never been so distant and angry toward her while standing in the middle of their bedroom before.

"I'm sorry," she started.

He shook his head, "Why? I mean... I have I done something wrong? Have you done something wrong? Why don't you want to kiss me?"

"I do. I do want to kiss you," she assured him and approached him, resting her palms on his chest.

His arms were crossed and he was still angry but eventually his face relaxed and arms fell around her.

"You and the children are my whole life, Severina. What am I supposed to do if you pull away

from me?”

Severina cupped his face and guided him in toward her, again the fear spiked,

“I’m afraid...” she whined softly.

“Of what?” He asked.

“Of waking up.”

He laughed, “Are we in a dream, then?”

“Maybe we are.”

“And my kiss will wake you? Well,” he chuckled, “I promise to be there when you wake up.”

Severina shook her head, “You’re never there when I wake up. I’m always alone... until I dream again.”

He turned his head and pressed his lips into her palm, “I’m right here, Love,” and he pulled her flush against him. As he leaned in, her arms fell around him.

His lips barely brushed hers and her eyes opened to the reality of his eyes. He rose from his seat at her kitchen table where their tea and porridge had gone cold as they dreamed together. He was almost gasping, he breathed so quickly.

He glared at her and gripped her elbow, pulling her to her feet. She didn’t understand why he was so angry when he hissed, “Your fantasies end with a kiss?”

She nodded, “With a kiss... and no more.”

“A kiss,” his nostrils flared, “It is always the same? Is it always...?”

Her whole body trembled in the wake of his energy. Still she reached up and her fingers trembled across his lips, “You know it is you. You know it’s always you. It’s always your kiss... one day, I’ll die of your kiss. Perhaps you are dementor after all. Do you intend on eating my soul, my Lord?”

With a more gentle pull he braced her against his chest and he rested his cheek against her temple. Her body felt frail and fading compared to him. He gentled his hold.

“Why have you done this?”

“For you. For your favor. To be favored above all...by you. To be looked upon with pride and admiration, to find more than acceptance, more than love; something greater... to find veneration in the eyes of whom I revere.”

“And my kiss seals that reverence?”

“Your kiss is merely a taste that leaves me famished.”

His came to cup her cheek and his thumb brushed over her lips. Her eyes fluttered shut as she lifted her face to his. When he spoke, his breath felt hot against her lips,

“You are not to taste the potion again, Severina, that is an order.”

“Is this to be my last kiss?” She asked his lips.

“No, it’s our first,” and his lips were soft and firm, sweet and commanding, gentle and unforgiving.

When he pulled away he was still there; so she tested his lips again.

Chapter End Notes

I know this story didn’t make a lot of sense but I hope it was a fun read. No epilogue.
If I do continue this, maybe I’ll do it as a series “What Dreams May Come.”
Though... I had thought of doing an entirely different story “What Dream May Come”
where Sev travels through the levels of hell and saves Tom’s souls. Have I mentioned
that idea before? Anyway... I love you for reading! Thank you!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!